THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, August 18, 1804. [No. 98

THE TURBAN,

A TURKISH TALE.

(Concluded from page 355.)

PART III.

THE celerity with which the Assyrian coursers, (whose fleetness has already been equalled to that of the Arabian) flew over the ground, bore no proportion to the rapidity of ideas which whirled in the minds or the ardor to finish their journey in the arms of the beloved objects of it, which pervaded the bosoms of the juvenile Mustapha, and the ancient Zornestan.

Impelled by the resounding lash of the former, who seemed another Phaeton driving the chariot of the sun, the flinty road emitted a train of fire from the rapid repetition of the strokes of the feet of the horses. The river, ruins, groves, in an instant appeared, and receded from the view of the travellers, who still thinking that the chariot seemed to lag, impelled them to greater exertions.

Flying with such speed to their dearest relatives and friends, it will not be supposed, however tedious the time might be to the youth and his companion, that many hours elapsed before they arrived at the cottage of Cyphantia, where they met the lovely Zelia, and Archadice her mother.

Having already attempted the chariot of the sun, and chosen a set of coursers (which might rival in rapidity the steads of Apollo) to run in the vehicle which conveyed Zornestan and the junior Mustapha to the arms of their dearest connections, we are almost tempted to mount Pegasus, and taking a flight toward the forked top of Olympus, invoke the aid of the muses to enable us to describe in terms adequate to the subject the feelings and sensations of all parties upon this renovation of love and friendship, duty and affection: but fearing our own strength to guide an animal which has thrown much more celebrated equestrians, we shall for the present desist, and keeping our feet out of the stirrups, remain upon even ground, and leave this metaphorical flight to our readers, who may, with the assistance of the ladies we have just mentioned, or indeed if they are coy, aided only by their own imaginations, especially if they are impressed with love, duty, or parental affection, easily conceive all that was said and done at this agreeable interview.

How wonder begat wonder—how one circumstance excited another—how happy Cyphantia was made upon being informed of the consanguinity of her beloved son to the Beglerbeg—the bliss of the lovers—and the joy which both Zornestan and Archadice expressed at this providential rencounter.

A recapitulation of former events, exultation upon the present fortunate state of their affairs, and those flattering, though sometimes delusive hopes of future prosperity, which in certain situations pervade every human bosom, consumed a considerable space of time, but not more than was necessary, as they were obliged to wait the arrival of a Turkish coach, which had been dispatched by the Beglerbeg to convey the ladies to Bagdat, but which did not travel quite so fast as the chariot of the sun, the chariot of young Mustapha, or indeed the chariot to which, of old, Porus harnessed his elephants.

However fast or slow this vehicle came, at last surrounded by a troop of Spahis, who had been appointed as a guard of honor and safe conduct to the lovely passengers.

The time that had been spent in conversation, congratulation, and exultation, it now appeared, might, by a part of the company, have been better employed. The carriages were ready, the Spahis drew their sabres, and Zornestan was upon the point of ordering them to march, when a considerable difficulty occurred. The female conclave, who had been some time in consultation, came to an unanimous resolution that it was indispensably necessary for them to

make an alteration in their dress, and that, in fact, it was absolutely impossible for them to appear at court in the coarse garb of cottagers.

The ladies of Assyria, as we find from a careful perusal of most of the sacred and profane writers, are like the ladies in every other part of the world; unconscious of their personal attractions, they dare not at all times trust to nature, and therefore, from a self diffidence, highly commendable, are laudibly careful upon every grand occasion to call, or rather press into their service that ingenious handmaid, ART.

This was more particularly the case with the beautiful Zelia, who, hurried as she was, yet found, or rather created time to adorn her person in a style far superior to her late station. The wardrobe of her mother, which, till this blissful moment had been carefully concealed from her, afforded her amply the means, and her own genius and taste so well directed their application, that when she issued from her chamber she seemed to move like Venus, just arisen from the toilet of the graces.

The eyes of her lover, ardent and passionate as young Mustapha certainly was, were scarcely more enchanted with her fascinating appearance, than were those of old Zornestan, her father. He embraced his wife with tenderness when she presented her to him, and gazed with a rapture which only a parent could feel at his newly recovered daughter, while he gave her hand to the youth, who conducted her to the carriage, wherein he had just placed his mother.

As no impediment or accident occurred upon the road, it would be a waste of time to retrace their journey back to Bagdat. When they entered the grand audience chamber, the Serene Beglerbeg seemed struck with the appearance of the lovely Zelia; but as he was although a Turk, a man of taste, he could not help paying her an ironical compliment for not suffering the attractive lure of Asiatic splendor totally to eclipse the elegant simplicity of her former Grecian habiliments. The involuntary blushes of Zelia informed her that it was wrong for one, to whom nature had been so bountiful, to endeavor to amend what must, in the plainest attire, be deemed a master-piece of perfection.

Cyphantia was, by Mustapha, received with the affection of a brother: they mingled their tears as a tribute to the memory of Ibirhim; and these emotions of sorrow were only suspended while Zornestan presented his wife.

This revival of grief in the bosom of the noble Beglerbeg and Cyphantia, seemed a sable curtain drawn before that brilliant prospect of happiness which the opening of the scene presented to the view of the company, and demonstrated the truth of that axiom, that sudden emotions of sorrow are frequently the concomitants of our highest enjoyments. In fact, the minds of the whole party were, from different causes emanating from the same source, wound to too high a key; they therefore found it necessary to separate, and devote the remaining hours of the evening and night to refreshment and repose.

The ebullitions of their minds in a few days subsided. Cyphantia, and the wife and daughter of Zornestan, had apartments assigned them in the haram of the Beglerbeg, while the young Mustapha, who also resided in the palace of his uncle, was promoted to a considerable post in the state.

The beautiful Zelia, no less fascinating in her manners, than captivating by her personal attractions, had in a short time created for herself such an interest in the bosom of the elder Mustapha, that relinquishing his former thoughts, he felt for her all the love and tenderness of a father; and indeed, almost envied Zornestan his consanguinity to such a daughter. Nor had his nephew a smaller share of his affection, for as the virtue, abilities, and estimable qualities of this young Assyrian were, by his situation, brought forward into a strong point of view, and hourly expanded, he discerned those strong traits of genius, integrity, courage, and benevolence, for which his brother was so conspicuous, and which had so much endeared him to him while living, and caused him so exceedingly to lament his death, revived in his son: he therefore looked forward to the nuptials of this amiable pair, as to a period propitious to the house of Mustapha.

This period, whatsoever might have been the opinion of Zelia upon the subject, the ardor of the youth would not suffer to be driven to a remote distance. The trumpets from the minerets, and the cannon from the ramparts, announced the arrival of the happy morning. A shining train issued from the palace, the gates of the haram were upon this grand occasion thrown open. Zelia, the lovely Zelia appeared in a dress of the purest white, her face shaded by a veil, such as of old adorned the vestal virgins. She was attended by Archidice and Cyphantia, and a number of noble maidens, only inferior in beauty to herself.

Supported by the Beglerbeg and her father, she approached the Cadi, before whom the marriage was registered.—The ceremony of these nuptials (it is almost needless to state, unless to prevent a reference to the records of Bagdat) was adorned with that tasteful magnificence, and conducted with that splendid solemnity which were the characteristics of the government of Mustapha.

Let not our fair readers be frightened at this mode of conducting a wedding, or start at the word *solemnity*. The Turks are a grave people, and although a plurality of wives are allowed those that choose to avail themselves of that *valuable* indulgence, yet they consider every matrimonial engagement they make as a solemn one, nor do we think there has from the time of Othoman the First, down to the present hour, been an instance of tying the said matrimonial ligature in a bed-chamber, or just before supper, or in a blacksmith's shop, or twenty other ways equally snug and ingenious, by which we have formerly contrived to commit the *marriage act*, so that a lady, as virtuous as Lucretia, might for months have had all the reputation annexed to gallantry, and at last the pleasure of creating a double surprise, in being announced as a wife and mother at the same time. But to return to the wedding, from which we have strangely wandered, and endeavor to obviate the idea that it was so grave as we have just hinted, we are happy to find in the same authentic records to which we have alluded, that upon this occasion public rejoicings were decreed, and under the auspices of the Serene Beglerbeg, the lustre and brilliancy that formerly adorned the celebrated city of Babylon, seemed to have been revived in Bagdat.

The festivity was continued for three

days, at the close of which Mustapha, the newly married pair, Zornestan, Cyphantia, Archidice, and the whole court, made a public procession to the great mosque; the splendor of which had not been equalled by any show since the entrance of Alexander the Great into the former city.

But whatsoever impression splendor and magnificence may make upon the human mind, especially in our juvenile years, experience teaches us, that like the circles arising from a stone dropped in water, it is every moment in a course of obliteration. Splendor, magnificence, and every concomitant of unbounded opulence soon faded upon the sight and became familiar, and consequently less valuable to young Mustapha and the lovely Zelia. Fortunately for them, when these transient and transitory appendages seemed to recede, they found themselves the possessors of happiness far more solid than any that can be derived from circumstances so adventitious.

They possessed that sun-shine of the mind which virtue only can bestow.

They possessed in themselves, and in a numerous and beautiful progeny, whose minds they formed upon those principles which irradiated their own, a source of domestic enjoyment, far superior to those fleeting and transitory pleasures which mankind in general pursue with such avidity.

Fortune, that fickle goddess, who long had marked the mode of life adopted by Mustapha and Zelia, was vexed to behold a pair, who seem to despise her influence, and therefore resolved to tempt them, prompted the Grand Seignior upon the death of the Beglerbeg, to confer the government of Bagdat upon his nephew.

The young Assyrian was now placed upon the very apex of prosperity, riches and honor were showered upon him in an unbounded profusion; yet he preserved his virtue, and even his character untainted.

The only change which his elevated situation made in his mode of life was, that it brought his actions into a stronger light, by which they were more admired, and furnished means for his liberality to become more extensive; his piety, his conjugal and parental tenderness more conspicuous.

Their exalted, their dignified station, had the same effect upon the lovely Zelia; and fortune was, by these brilliant examples, taught this useful lesson,

That a son and daughter who had been patterns of early piety, and of duty to their parents; who had formed a tender connection, in which passion had less influence than the union of minds—who came to each others arms with the full consent of their nearest relatives; and whose happiness centered in each other, will neither by a low situation be abused, nor by an affluent one be elevated beyond the bounds of prudence and rectitude; but, that whatsoever may be their lot in life, the goodness of Providence has decreed that they shall always feel that internal consciousness and peace of mind which constitute true happiness.

WHITTLERS.

[*From the Maryland Gazette.*]

JOSEPH ADDISON & Richd. Steele, of famous memory in the time of queen Anne, of England, employed their splendid abilities in writing short periodical essays, principally for correcting the foibles of the men and women of their days, exposing ridiculous customs and fashions, and amending manners. They have been followed by a great number of ingenious men who have succesfully pursued their tract, and therefore a man of the present time, who should adopt their plan, would be at a loss for subjects, unless he should be constantly borrowing, or rather stealing their ideas.

Although I am a very young man, I have long wished to imitate those illustrious writers; but I have been hitherto prevented, merely by considering the dearth of new materials. Happily I have discovered at last a diverting, though mischievous practice, which prevails very much in this city and which, I believe, has never been touched upon by any writer whatever; but which is a very delectable subject for an essayist. If I deemed it to come under the denomination of a crime, I would not here notice it. But many of the persons addicted to the practice, are men of worth, and fit to be trusted in most things; provided only that certain edged tools are kept out of the way.

But not to keep my reader in suspense, or render my preface tiresome beyond bearing, I will inform him at once, that *whittling* is the subject I have chosen for my first essay.

Peradventure the meaning of the terms *whittle*, *whittling*, and *whittler*, may not be generally known.

A *whittler* then is a person, who as soon as he seats himself out of his own house, near a pine table, or ballustrade, or finds a convenient piece of timber of any kind, takes out his pen-knife and employs it with great diligence and perseverance in cutting letters, or notches, or scooping, or pairing, or shaving, &c. &c. just as his fancy dictates. Nay! sometimes the back of a chair, or even mahogany furniture does not escape.

The performances of some men in this way are really surprising. In a single summer, working only one hour each Sunday morning, has a gentleman been known, with his small pen-knife, to cut through, in several places, the rails of a portico, besides cutting 100 letters and figures on the seats, and in short, producing the necessity of making an entire new porch, except the floor, or platform, which he could not conveniently work upon.

Another gentleman, whose duty it was to take his seat at a large pine table, among fifteen or twenty others, whenever he was not engaged in the business for which he attended, was constantly employed in cutting letters on a table, with a fine pointed pen-knife.

At length the gentleman who presided at the board directed an attendant against the next meeting, to lay a shingle on the table. This was, according to expectation eagerly seized as a valuable prize, and numerous were the unmeaning figures which were formed from it.

I feel myself unwilling to pursue the subject; besides, I should pay a poor compliment to my readers, if I did not leave it to them to make the remarks which are natural and proper. I will only say, that the notion of the shingle was fortunate and happy. So long as the rage for whittling shall prevail, I

would propose, that shingles, which are cheap and made of a most tempting cutable wood, should be amply provided, at the public expense, for every public portico and table.

JUVENIS.

TRIAL FOR BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

Court of King's Bench, Dublin, May 18.

FITZGERALD *v.* HAWKSWORTH. Yesterday, in the King's Bench, a verdict for 2500l. and 6d. costs, was given for the plaintiff against the defendant. Few trials at Nisi Prius have more engaged the public attention, or excited an higher degree of interest; and whether we consider the nature of the action, the portion of time it occupied, or the celebrity of at least one of the parties, it was eminently calculated to call forth much curiosity. The trial lasted three days, from Tuesday morning till late on Thursday evening.

The defendant is a young clergyman, who has figured as a preacher in most of the churches of this metropolis within the last five years, and whom his admirers consider as scarcely inferior to Kirwan himself. In the year 1794, Mr. Hawksworth, being then in his twentieth year, and on the point of taking his degree in College, became attached to Miss Fitzgerald, who was then scarcely sixteen.

This young lady was the daughter of a respectable officer, who had retired from the service with much honor, but no great share of wealth, and had fixed his residence in Castletown, a beautiful village in the neighborhood of Mountrath, in the Queen's County. Mr. Hawksworth soon gained her affections, but still he was not satisfied, as his father was an enemy to early marriages, and, of course, an immediate union was impossible. Time or accident, he apprehended, might defeat his hopes, or a parent's authority consign her to the arms of another. In his letters, therefore, he urged her with all the ardor of a doating lover to enter into a solemn engagement never to marry any but him; and to encourage her to make this vow, he called upon his God to forsake him when he forsook her.

These letters were read in evidence, and though they exhibited no very finished specimens of epistolary elegance, they seemed, at least, to flow from the heart, and were not ill adapted to make an impression on a girl of sixteen: at length they made that, and thus the connection continued until the year 1802.

Meanwhile Mr. Hawksworth had been ordained, had become a popular preacher, and was much followed. In January, 1802, he called on a Mrs. Palmer, a particular friend of Miss Fitzgerald, and after some preliminary conversation, he told her he was ready to fulfil his engagement with Miss Fitzgerald, if her friends would give her 1000l. and begged her to communicate his intentions to them.—Mrs. Palmer delivered the message. A Council of War was summoned. Captain Fitzgerald, the father, agreed to give four hundred pounds; the uncle, also an old officer, agreed to give two hundred; and the brother to the young lady, who was then serving with his regiment in Malta, upon being written to, immediately promised to add the remaining 400l. out of the honorable earnings of his profession; and though he was then actually in treaty for a majority, he cheerfully postponed his own promotion to the happiness of a beloved sister—he did more, he came to Ireland to be a witness of that happiness.

Hawksworth seemed delighted with his arrival, every thing was settled, the wedding clothes prepared, a special licence procured, and even the ring purchased. Mrs. Hawksworth and young captain Fitzgerald went down to the country on Friday; the next day, Saturday, was to be the happy day; when lo! instead of the bridegroom, a billet doux was delivered to the company, at Castletown begging to be excused, as he was obliged to go from home on pecuniary business. From this period until the action was brought, the interval was filled with evasion; the torch of love seemed completely extinguished, and the visions of his early days to have vanished for ever. The action was then brought, and the verdict 2500l. is commensurate with his property.

BOOTS.

MR. POULSON,

GREAT improvements have of late years been made in boots; yet, I perceive, they have not attained perfection, especially the heavy kinds. The weather is now warm, and it will be of vast consequence to our Bucks (especially those that dare not ride) to be well equipt to walk the clean pavements of our city.

I would propose the boots should be made of good length, coming up close to the hams, making a reasonable allowance for about a dozen large wrinkles, so as to rise at least nine inches above the knee. I propose them to be wider than those now in use and to have large long square toes, well turned up, equal at least to an angle of 90 degrees. The leather of the consistency or strength commonly used in fire buckets, and like them, jack'd or stiffened with pitch, and by no means to omit the following important improvement:—They should be cockered (as it is called in some countries) or, if you please, shod or ironed—this is done by making for each boot a plate of iron—something like a horse shoe,—for the heel, and another for the toe—to be well nailed on and finishing by filling up all the intervening spaces with hob nails whose head should be half an inch in diameter. Through boots thus improved not a musquito in a thousand would push his nose.

I do not purpose the slim Young Jemmy's of fourteen, who move like waxwork, should carry the same weight of iron as the broad back, sturdy fellows of nineteen or twenty, lest, in the attempt of so high a degree of improvement, the hips might be dislocated or the back-bone suffer some irreparable injury. If I had nothing else to do, I would graduate a scale of the proportion of weight, regulated by the girt round the loins.

A young man thus equipped, with legs of the size of his body, (I would not have them larger) and and a coat drawn round his shoulders and neck so thick as to resemble the neck and shoulders of a bull, would, with the ladies, be quite irresistible.

LOUDON.

LONGEVITY.

At a small village called Sputty, near the Devil's Bridge, in South Wales there now live two brothers, the youngest of whom is 96, and the eldest 102 years

of age. The oldest is the heartiest man. He still climbs the mountains after his flock of sheep, jokes with all travellers who call at his cot (a small pot house) about their going to see the Welsh girls, and is still very fond of talking of his own amours!

NEW METHOD OF COURTSHIP.

SOME time since a Clergyman, with a young man, apparently a Black, in his custody, came to the Public Office, Bow-street, in a hackney coach, where the Clergyman requested to see the Magistrate, and refused to tell his business to the Clerks; they were shown into the Office, to wait the return of Sir Richard Ford from dinner. Both of them kept their hats on; the Clergyman appearing much agitated, and the young man endeavoring to hide his face. The attention of every one in the office was attracted towards them. At length doubts arose as to whether the young man was a man of color or not; and betts were actually laid upon the question. On Sir Richard Ford entering the office, the Clergyman requested a private examination which Sir Richard granted. The following particulars transpired:—the Clergyman resides in the country, and has a daughter who lives in London, who he is now on a visit to, and discovered that the Prisoner was paying his addresses to; but he disapproving of their union, forbid him his daughter's house. On Thursday afternoon the Prisoner went to the house, with his face and neck blacked, and a wig on to disguise himself as a black; he rang the bell, which being answered by a female servant, he entered into conversation with her respecting the object of his affection, when his voice being recognized by her father, he went to the door, seized him by the collar, and forced him into the parlor, where the Prisoner was observed drawing a sword from a cane which he had in his hand, but the father succeeded in wresting it from him. We did not learn whether it was his intention to have acted like *Othello*, and plunged the dagger into the bosom of his *Desdemona*, had he succeeded in gaining admittance to her, she being confined to her bed through indisposition. The Prisoner justified his conduct saying the young lady was of age, and if she chose to have him, it was nothing to the father. The Magistrate was about to commit him for want of sureties, but the father proposed, if the Prisoner would pledge his honor not to go to the house any more, he would be satisfied, which the Prisoner agreed to, and signed a paper to that effect. He likewise entered into a recognizance to keep the peace.

Lon. Pap.

GLEANINGS.

[*From London Papers.*]

A young man was recommended to Bishop Burnet for ordination.—As his Lordship stammered a little, he desired his Chaplain to examine the candidate. The first question proposed—"Why did Balaam's ass speak?" "Because his master had an *impediment* in his *speech*," answered the young man, which put an immediate end to the examination.

ANECDOTE.

The present *fashionable criterion* for judging of the moral and intellectual qualities of a man, is not his countenance but his *dress*. There goes a *sly close dog*, (says one) his hands are always in his *pockets*. That's an *open hearted generous fellow* (says another) he never *buttons his waistcoat*.

From the *taciturnity* of BONAPARTE, it may be supposed that he was a good player at *whist*.—It now appears, however, that having failed in his *odd trick*, he sets up a *false* claim of *honors*.

Two Attornies, one named *sunshine*, and the other *Harvest*, were, it seems admitted last Friday at the Court of Common Pleas. It may be fairly expected, that, in some future case, the one will throw some *light* on the other's practice; and that when he is *warmly* engaged in the pursuit of an honest client's interest the other will not *reap* the fruits of his iniquity.

A man advertises for "a wife, who is expert in settling accounts." By this we suppose he means nothing more than what people mean every day when they marry a woman *to pay off their debts*.

Lately was married Mr. *Cook* to Miss *Mutton*, both of Market Harborough.

In a provincial paper there is an account of a marriage having been solemnized between a Mr. *Ticket* and Miss *Chance*. It is to be hoped that they will have a *prize* between them.

Lately a sailor belonged to a man of war at Plymouth had leave to go on shore; but, having staid much longer than the allowed time, he receiveda sharp reprimand on his return. Jack's reply was, that he was very sorry, but that he had taken a *dilly* (a kind of chaise used about Plymouth) for the purpose of making the utmost haste; but that the coachman could not give him change for half-a-guinea, and therefore he was obliged to keep him driving *fore* and *aft* between Plymouth and Dock, till he had *drove* the halfguinea out! Unfortunately for Jack, it so happened, that when the half-guinea was *drove out*, he was set down at the spot whence he started, and had just as far to walk as though he had not been *drove* at all.

In the novel of "Mordaunt" the ingenious Dr. Moore, observes, in his wonted happy manner, that "Those who marry in spite of dislike, or difference will frequently by *habit* acquire a kind of affection for each other, just as those who cannot afford *claret*, take *port* or perhaps *porter*; which though unpalatable at first, becomes less and less so by patience and perseverance land at last tolarebly suits their taste.

Those, on the other hand, who despising all other considerations, marry from love and separate soon after from hatred, may be compared to people who are so fond of claret, that without thinking of the price, indulge in excesses which create disgust and remorse.

But the same author adventurously adds, I am so framed that if I should venture on matrimony at all, I am con-

vinced I would choose to risk the fate of the *claret drinkers.—P. Folio.*

CURIOUS FACT.

A singular, yet melancholy accident lately happened at Blackshaw, near Stansfield.——The following are the particulars, which plainly demonstrate that the age of superstition is not yet passed. An aged man of the name of Robert Sutcliffe, a weaver, possessed a silly idea that his house was troubled by a witch or devil, by whose supernatural agency, and nightly excursions, the clothes of his family were cut, the threads broke in his looms, and several other injuries committed.

He at length applied to a person of the name of John Hepworth, near the Cock and Bottle Inn, in Bradford, a kind of fortune-teller, for his assistance to deliver him from the power of his mischievous tormentor! The pretended Exorcist went in consequence to the haunted house, where he procured a large iron bottle, into which he poured human blood, previously drawn from the arm of a boy——a quantity of hair, with other materials, and after a few incantations, he corked the bottle well up, and carefully deposited the same in the middle of a hot fire.

In a short time the bottle burst with a terrible explosion—the windows of the house were driven out, and a great part of the chimney fell down. It is melancholy, however, to relate, that the poor unfortunate old man, who had been repeatedly importuned to leave the room, but had strenuously persisted in refusing, received a dreadful wound by the bursting of the bottle, and died a few days afterwards. *Lon. paf.*

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, August 18, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 79 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION, 14—Flux, 28—Abscess of the liver 1—Bilious Remittent fever, 1—Cancer, 1—Casualties, 2—Dropsy, 1—Drowned, 2—Dysentery, 5—Fits, 8——Inflammation of the stomach, 1—Intoxication, 1—Palsey, 1—Putrid fever, 1—Small-pox, 1—Sprue, 3—Still-born, 1—Sudden, 2—Teething, 2—Vomiting, 1—Worms, 1—and a new born infant found in a box near Lispenard's.

Of whom 30 were adults, and 49 children.

41 of these were under 2 years of age.			
5	Between	2	and 5
2		5	10
5		10	20
12		20	30
7		30	40
2		40	50
2		50	60
1		60	70
2		70	80
Total 79			

Lately a good looking man went into a very respectable tavern in the city of Baltimore. He said he was lately from New-Orleans. After regaling himself sumptuously, and enjoying a comfortable bed, he departed next morning, telling the boy in the bar to take care of his bundle; but not returning, the bundle was opened, when, wrapt up in a very old dirty shirt, tied in a silk handkerchief full of holes, were found a large heap of leaves, two or three small stones, a salt herring and one biscuit, with a note stating that as they had the day before supplied him with fresh provisions, he had left them a relish for breakfast.

At Woodbridge barracks, where the Lancashire Militia are quartered, two hens eggs have been placed under a *cat*, who has actually hatched two chickens, and suckled three kittens at the same time. This little family is said to live together on the most affectionate terms. The feline part of it are so *extremely fond* of their feathered friends they are almost ready to *eat them up.*

[*Lon. paf.*

At the last celebration of the anniversary of the British Humane Society, there were present *thirty nine* persons whose lives had been saved by the society the preceding year. The society has existed thirty years, and 2850 persons have been snatched from premature death by it. For the last year £70 per month had been paid for expenses incurred. £300 were subscribed at the last meeting.

A very singular circumstance lately occurred at Paris:—Count Bunau, the Saxon Resident at that city, having intimated to his cook his intention to discharge him, for embezzling his property, and a day being appointed to settle his accounts, the villain took the opportunity of creeping into the Count's sitting-room unawares and surprising him, with one pistol pointed to the Count's breast, and the other with the muzzle in his own mouth; fortunately that directed at the Count missed fire, the other was discharged, and blew the brains of his intended murderer about the apartment.

LONDON SUMMER FASHIONS.

Full Dress.—A close robe of silver sarsenet, pink, blue, primrose, lilac, green or white. Very long train, edged round the bottom with an extremely light chain, or fringe of silver. The head-dress a turban, or twisted bandeau to match the robe, with a high plume; or a veil drawn through a chaplet of flowers, formed with gems of various colors; or the hair turned up behind, fastened with a comb, and falling over it in careless ringlets, a tiara of brilliants in front, or the bandeau of hair intermixed with pearls; necklace, earrings, clasps for the cestus, and bracelets, to correspond with the head ornament.

Half Dress.—Fancy dresses of worked clear muslin, or of Cambray muslin of pale colors; the short dresses over a white petticoat, and flounced with broad white lace; light turbans; all lace caps adorned with delicate wreaths; or the hair Grecian, with simple ornaments.

Morning Walking Dress.—Straw, chip, or muslin hat or bonnets trimmed with ribbons; white veils, long shawls, silk handkerchiefs, tied looseley round the neck, or surplices of fine muslin over short dresses.

Evening Walking Dress.—Small hats or bonnets, crape or muslin, of the fashionable colors, or of lace with a puckered edge of fine net; flowers in wreaths or sprigs universal. Flora scarfs and hats will be the prevailing fashion among the youthful beauties, many of whom are now employing their delicate fingers, and exerting their taste, to rival each other in these beautiful summer ornaments. The hats and scarfs are embroidered, to match, either in flowers of one color, or in various, to imitate nature, on fine muslin, and will be peculiarly elegant and becoming.

Married,

At Norfolk, Mr. N. Smith, who was lately tried on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Louis L'Orient, to the widow of said L'Orient! ! !

On Wednesday last week, Mr. William Lambert, to Mrs. Deborah Carman, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. James Scrimzer, to Miss Jane Purvis.

At Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, Mr. John Beard, of this city, to Miss Mary Donahue, of that place.

Died,

On Saturday, August 4th, Miss Elizabeth Galatian, a young lady who possessed every gentle feminine quality, and whose loss will be deplored by all who had the happiness of being numbered among her friends.

On Saturday morning, Mrs. Jane Morewood, wife of Edmund Morewood, merchant.

On Saturday morning, at Ford Cutter's Hotel, Courtland-street, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Daniel Owen, son of Judge Owen, of Providence, (R. I.) It is a circumstance that ought to be mentioned for the benefit of the community, that the illness of the above young gentleman which terminated in his death, was caused by his eating a couple of glasses of Ice Cream while he was heated, about 8 Weekd ago.

On Monday afternoon, David Campbell, esq. Attorney at law.

On Monday evening, Mr. John Harrison, Editor of the Weekly Museum.

On Tuesday last, of a nervous disorder, Mr. William Gosline.

On Tuesday evening last, Mrs. Margaret Ming (aged 31 years) wife of Mr. Alexander Ming, one of the Printers of this Paper.

Suddenly, last week, at Brunswick (N. J.) in the 63d year of his age, Mr. Richard Davis, formerly an auctioneer of this city, and father to the late eccentric genius, Richard B. Davis.

In Boston, Mrs. Elizabeth Wells, eldest daughter of the late Major General Warren.

In London, on the night of the 19th of May, very suddenly Mrs. Brunton, mother of Mrs. Wignell, of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Theatres. She went to bed on the above night, as well as usual, and on the next morning was discovered dead.

In Europe Dr. Willich, author of Strictures on Diet, Regimen, &c.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public many thousand persons have experienced its salutar, effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excrutiating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicin es the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

ANTHONY LA TOUR'S

Register and Intelligence OFFICE

Has removed from No. 20, Broad-Street, to No. 29 Chatham-Row, Second Door above the Theatre; where families or single gentlemen upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description; Merchants with Clerks, Mechanics with journeymen;—Also, Servants, Apprentices, Journeyman, Mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places—such as,

Clerks,	*Laborers, &c.*
Apprentices,	*House-keepers,*
Farmers,	*Wet Nurses,*
Gardeners,	*Dry Nurses,*
Coachmen,	*Seamstresses,*
Footmen,	*Chamber-Maids,*
Cooks and Stewards on board *Vessels,*	*Women cooks, &c*

[*For the Weekly Visitor.*]

ON A PROSPECT OF FORT LEE.

On yon tall ridge, whose towering form
Oft cradles the reposing storm,
Whence lurid lightnings often fly,
Thro' the dark concave of the sky,
And the dread thunder's awful roar
Floats in long echoes thro' the fractur'd shore—
On Lee's embattled height
The deathless Chieftain stood,
And o'er the intervening flood
He saw the valiant, hapless band,
The brave defenders of the land,
Wage the dire conflict in unequal fight:—
The fortress proud that bears his name,
Involv'd in smoke and bickering flame,
No more a safe retreat can yield,
Or his lov'd troops from slaughter shield;
Germania's sons advance from far,
The bold, but mercenary bands of war,
Along the deep defile
They hold their fearless course,
And, with resistless force,
On cruel deeds intent,
Attain the abrupt ascent,
Where unoffending blood repays their daring toil.
O Hero! great alike in arms
And heaven-born mercy's gentler charms,
What deep regret, what kindling ire,
Thy generous, feeling soul inspire,
As firm the patriot soldier stood,
And seal'd the justice of his cause with blood,
Unaided by thy sword;
The sanguinary foe
Pursues the unpitying blow,
And Hudson's sheltering wave
Affords her sons a grave;
Who meet the prisoner's doom, most suffering,
most deplor'd.
Ye rugged cliffs! that tower sublime,
Above the force of waves and time,
By fancy borne, methinks even now,
Fix'd on the abrupt and craggy brow.
I see the illustrious Hero stand,
The fate revolving of his native land
With anxious thought oppress'd:—
But, ah! the silent tomb,
Is now the warrior's doom:
No fame can e'er pervade,
The grave's oblivious shade.
Nor e'er his country's call re-animate his breast.
When, tardy Land, shall rise, to merit just,
The towering monument, and speaking bust;
To yield exalted worth its well-earn'd praise,
Or give his noble form to future days?
For tho' the historic page his arts record,
From thee the expecting world demands that just reward.
To matchless virtue due;
Tho' heaven's approving smile
Rewards his glorious toil,
Bid other souls aspire,
To emulate his fire,
And every form of danger brave, to patriot virtue true.

CORNELIA.

July, 1804.

THE COQUETTE,

AND

Ever-blowing Rose, which has no Smell.

A FABLE.

Gay Clara, beautiful and young,
Whose charms by half the town were sung,
(For none more skill'd in every art
To catch, tho' not to hold the heart)
Full of her little self-conceit,
Clara went forth the *Spring* to greet;
And many a flower with wanton hand,
She pluck'd—then scatter'd o'er the land.
At length a *Rose* of beauty rare,
Attracts the fingers of the fair;
"Sweet Rose" she said, "thou summer's pride,
Come, thou alone shall grace my side;
Thy rich perfume I covet most,
In thine all other sweets are lost;"
The *Rose*, with modest blush replied,
"That excellence to me's denied:
External beauty's all I boast,
Fragrance, alas! on me is lost;
No housewife finds me worth her care,
My velvet leaves are scatter'd far;
For sweets attend not my decay,
So pluck'd, I soon am cast away!"
"Ah! say'st thou so, then fare thee well—
For what's a rose without a smell!"
And with disdain away Miss threw
The flow'r and stem on which it grew,
"Nay," says the Rose, "thy morning past,
When time shall all thy beauties blast,
Some wanton hand may throw thee by,
As I am cast—without a sigh,
Our fates are destin'd thus alike,
In haste we both the fancy strike;
But soon as our defects are known,
Upon the common both are thrown,
The lack of *scent* to perfect me,
Alas! is want of *mind* in thee!"

BAD AND WORSE.—AN EPIGRAM.

My wife's so very bad cried Will,
I fear she ne'er will hold it:
She *keeps her bed*—Mine's worse, said Phil,
The jade has just now *sold it*.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 71, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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